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Connecticut College

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College Calendar

Mon. Feb. 4th—Second Semester begins
Glee Club Rehearsal 5 o'clock
Tues. Feb. 5th—French Club 7:30 p. m.
Wed. Feb. 6th—Glee Club meeting
5 o'clock
Thurs. Feb. 7th—President Marshall
addresses the Debating Club at
an open evening meeting
Fri. Feb. 8th—4 o'clock. Dramatic
Club meeting
Sun. Feb. 10th—Vespers
Tues. Feb. 12th—Convocation.
Rev. Richard Roberts.

"The Story of a Soldier's Faith."

Many years ago, an army officer—a Roman centurion—found himself in trouble—one of his servants was afflicted with the palsy. In helplessness to relieve the man, the centurion came to Jesus for assistance and, by his faith, obtained his request. This anecdote, found in Matthew VIII, Bishop Brewster took as the basis of a splendid talk at Vespers, January 20th—with the text "As thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee".

It is a question of HOW we believe—not what creed we follow. As the centurion cared, so he dared. The world's progress depends upon laying hold of possibility. The Atlantic Cable—wireless telegraphy—and numerous other inventions were all mere possibilities until faith persisted in making them realities.

Genuine faith is a trust in what is not mathematically certain. It goes in the face of what may be said on the other side. It is not, as the Sunday School boy defined it "Believing what you know ain't so", But, where reason points the way, there is made the venture.

Emerson says that the education of the will is the object of our existence. We must put more energy of will into our praying, our believing, our living. We make our lives by our will. And this energy of believing—the energy of faith—is a stout hearted trust is possibility through Divine working.

We must remember that our doubts are traitors, and "believe where we cannot prove". But faith is more than languid acquiescence and intellectual assent. Let this be our watchword: "Be not afraid—only believe". Then, AS we believe, so shall it be unto us.

"Over the Top".

We're all going "over the top" this week into "no man's land". There's a "roll of honor" and a "casualty list" too.

Another Treat.

Some of us would not like the suggestion that we are returning to second childhood already, or that we are not yet emerged from our first—but what other explanation for the enthusiastic delight with which that very select audience received the other night Three Songs, from the Just So Song Book, and several still simpler Nursery Songs? But the audience saved their reputation by equally appreciative reception of the classical numbers at the concert given by Mme. Hudson-Alexander and Mr. Weld.

The duet numbers were delightful, and we were held fascinated by the sad, yet beautiful love story sung by Mr. Weld—the Cycle Eliland. The slow, queer French melodies sung by Mme. Hudson-Alexander were no less well rendered—and the dainty, pretty FANBOCHES—where the singer displayed her skill in singing high notes. But most of all did we marvel at the Charmer's Song, where the wonderful imitation of the accompaniment, in trills, held us spell-bound in envious amazement.

From first to last, the concert was a splendid success.

We had little patience with the hard-hearted cars that would not allow us just one last encore.

The program:

Three Duets from Op. 66 Johannes Brahms

True Lover's Heart
True Lover's Plaint
By Summer Sea

Cycle Eliland Alexander von Fielitz
1 Silent Woe 6 Child Voices
2 Frauenwörth 7 Moonlight Night
3 Roses 8 Dreams
4 Secret Greetings 9 Anathema
5 On the Shore 10 Resignation
of the Lake

MR. WELD

Chanson Triste } Duparc
Extace }
Il pleure dans mon coeur } Debussy
Fanboches }
Le Procession César Franck

MME. HUDSON-ALEXANDER

Three Songs from the Just
So Song Book Kipling. German
When the Cabin Port-holes
The First Friend
Kangaroo and Dingo

MR. WELD

Oxford Past and Present

A very interesting talk on "Oxford Past and Present" was given in the College Gymnasium, January 22, by Miss Mary Taylor Blauvelt, who, because she is a graduate of that famous English university, was able to relate many amusing and traditional stories, connected with it.

Miss Blauvelt gave a brief synopsis of the history and growth of Oxford from the time of its first records when it was said to contain some 30,000 students, up to the present day, when it has but 300 studying, because the vast majority of them are "doing their bit" for their country. The true date of its foundation is unknown, although numerous stories give vague ideas concerning its origin.

It seemed queer to us, that, after a student has once "come up"—entered—he has comparatively few regulations or rules which he must obey, in order to get his degree, or disobey and "go down"—be expelled. He is required to pass "Smalls", the entrance examinations; "Mods", given three semesters after "Smalls", and "Greats" given two and one half years after Mods. Then after "taking dinners" and attending chapel on an average of four times a week per term, and keeping early hours—that is being in his own college by the time Big Tom finishes ringing at nine in the evening; a student has only to go through a long solemn ceremony to receive his degree.

The granting of degrees to undergraduates is not, however, as important an episode in Oxford's life as the bestowing of honors upon distinguished men.

Miss Blauvelt ended by saying that a degree from Oxford did not necessarily signify that the person was a scholar, but that he had lead a certain type of life—a life of leisure; not of idle leisure, but leisure in preparing oneself "to look in and find oneself, to look out and find the world, to look up and find one's God".

Zeffiretti Lusinghieri Mozart
O, Sleep, Why Dost Thou
Leave Me Händel
Charmers Song Lehmann
Twinkenham Ferry Marzials

MME. HUDSON-ALEXANDER

Duets Op. 33 Georg Henschel
Heart, Repent Thee Not
Far O'er the Moorland Reaches
Wouldst Thou Keep Undimmed

Miss Ella M. Potter at the piano

C. C.'s World of Sports

Election of first team captains for basket ball was held Tuesday at 11 a. m. The result of the elections was:

Shadd—Junior Captain
Doyle—Sophomore Captain
Pedrick—Freshman Captain

Following is the lineup of teams:

JUNIOR

| | |
|---------------|---------------|
| Hastings | right forward |
| Rowe | left forward |
| Shadd | center |
| Upton | side center |
| Cockings | right guard |
| Emerson | left guard |
| Gray | subs |
| Marsh | |
| E. Batchelder | |

SOPHOMORES

| | |
|-------------|---------------|
| Doyle | right forward |
| McGowan | left forward |
| Hotchkiss | center |
| Gage | side center |
| B. Williams | right guard |
| Howard | left guard |
| Horrox | subs |
| Rumney | |
| Davies | |

FRESHMEN

| | |
|-------------|---------------|
| Wulf | right forward |
| Hall | left forward |
| Clark | center |
| Gregson | side center |
| Pedrick | right guard |
| Patterson | left guard |
| Watrous | subs |
| Colwell | |
| E. Williams | |

There will undoubtedly be much improvement over last year's playing as practice has been more intense and the teams have concentrated more on signal plays.

The first game, between the Sophs and Freshies, will take place Feb. 9th in the College gym. Everybody come! Remember it is the opening of an interesting and exciting series to last through March.

Let us launch this basket ball season with an enthusiasm even keener than that with which the season of '16-'17 closed.

"Keep Smiling"

That's All

COLLEGE NEWS

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Conservation.

So much has been said about the conservation of food in the last few weeks, that we do not wonder at Mary's remark to the lady of the house,—"Faith, mam, it's food, food, food, till I'm tired hearin' oiv it." Nevertheless, it seems decreed that we shall continually hear more about conservation of food and many other things as our war activities increase.

We hear a great deal of the importance of teaching college students the best methods of "Hooverizing", but of what use is this knowledge if we do not practice our theories? When we behold a plate of rye bread on the table, why should we insist upon having wheat bread, or why should we be disgruntled if once or twice a week we are served with palatable muffins, instead of toasted wheat bread? When we know that butter and meat are concentrated important foods which could be exported to help fill an ever-increasing need in the Allied countries, why do we become so incensed if we aren't given the finest quality of market and dairy products? Though we know that repeated requests have gone forward for a decrease in consumption of confectionery, why do we rise up in arms, at a rumor that the college book-store is no longer to sell sweets?

Why,—because like most human beings, we are more or less slothful, and need constant prodding to keep us progressing along our recognized path of Duty; and because we do not learn to register just complaints in the proper way to authorities who are able to remedy conditions. If we must criticize the content of our daily meals, now that actual hunger no longer forces us to realize the scarcity of food, why do

we not suggest improved preparation of some of the war dishes, and not remark so often on the kind and quality of food set before us.

If candy is indispensable (and we know that sweets play a valuable part in the diet) why do we not suggest to the manager of the college store that a few wholesome kinds, and perhaps salted nuts or equally nourishing preparations, be sold, rather than telling our fellow-classmates that as a BOOKSTORE our organization has lost sight of its calling, because it has practically eliminated its candy-counter?

Like most human beings, we are also inconsistent in our efforts to do "our bit" for our country. We become very enthusiastic about knitting socks or sweaters to keep our soldier friends comfortable and warm, but while we go to the other end of the dormitory to consult the War Relief Committee about the most efficient way of accomplishing as much or more than some other college has done, we leave one or both of our electric lights burning, in spite of the fact that warmth producing fuel is being carelessly wasted.

We not only decide to knit at all hours of the day and night: to increase our output of surgical dressings; to extend our local social service work; to conduct whirlwind campaigns for student aid, hospital and other war relief funds; and persevere through the subsequent periods of sacrifice and labor, but we fancy it to be our duty to print a long list of preparedness courses introduced into the curriculum through our efforts! The average college student has plenty of work to do, if conscientious about her regular academic pursuits, and some of the inevitable war work in which we all want a share, without trying to expend limited physical energies in too many directions. Even in war time, the old adage that "anything worth doing at all, is worth doing well" rings true, and while we are pledging ourselves to save food and fuel, we might well remember the necessity of conserving physical and mental resources in order more quickly to attain a thorough victory over our "efficient" foes, and in preparation for establishing a firm peace after reconstruction.

As the TRIBUNE says so well, "this is a time for courage and optimism". The hour has come when we must make our choice of worth-while goals, and work thoughtfully, consistently and uncompromisingly for their achievement.

Paying the Running Expenses of the Gym.

The most important business brought before the special meeting of the Student Government Association held Fri. Jan. 11 was the matter of how the running expenses of the college gymnasium should be met, since there is no endowment fund.

The three alternatives offered were: first, that each organization using the

gymnasium should pay \$15 per night; second, that the Student Government Association should pay in a lump sum; and third, that an additional charge be put on the students' college bills. In fact, the expenses must be met by the students since the college has no funds to cover them.

After much discussion, as the least of the evils the motion was made and carried that the Student Government Association pay the lump sum of \$50 to be raised by special levy.

Is C. C. Patriotic?

Is C. C. patriotic? No? Why, such a thing to say!

Imagine us not Hooverizing every single day.

Some girls refrain from candy, and some refrain from plays, Are we not helping Hoover, then, in many different ways?

But girls, is this economy, and will this win the war?

It's just a fad with most of us, a joke to many more.

Or why should we complain when sugar isn't just galore,

And think we simply cannot live without wheat bread in store?

Why should we sigh, and grumble

"What good's it going to do?"

If they don't sell candy and ice-cream on Mondays, now do you?

And why complain about our rooms if they're the least bit cool?

Remember there are thousands suffering now for want of fuel.

Big cities are not lighted now but one day in the week,

Our campus still is lighted even after we're asleep.

Is C. C. really patriotic? Well, perhaps we are,

But we could Hooverize lots more, and never feel the jar!

—Rena Broderick '19

Winthrop had a little bug

It was too small to see

But everywhere that "dippy" went

The nurse was sure to be.

It followed us around all day

Which was against the rule

It makes us sore as sore can be

To have the "DIPS" at school.

The Dippy Diary or Daily Dips in Winthrop.

Saturday, 8 a. m.—Summons to headquarters. Detailed to individual guard duty for four days.

9 a. m.—Return to quarters. First day in. Morning spent in cleaning bureau drawers and clothes presses. Some stockings darned. Numerous window conversations.

12 m.—Lunch served from first floor tea pantry. Two girls detailed to kitchen duty.

2 p. m.—All "C" rules strictly observed, even to the entertainment of callers during the week-end. Romeo and Juliet scenes quite common.

6 p. m.—Ice-cream for dinner. Second orders freely distributed. Rumored donated by Dr. Morris. Latter becomes fussed when thanks were rendered by an outside friend of Winthrop and confessed to having never purchased more than ten cents' worth at one time. Mystery—who sent the ice-cream?

7 p. m.—Progressive serenade rendered from without—it progressed around the house.

Sunday (second day in) 8 a. m.—Reveille sounded.

9 a. m.—Mail from Tug Blackstone. Many mysterious post marks.

10 a. m.—Wireless apparatus rigged up to Thames.

10.30 a. m.—Sitting-up exercises in living-room under Lieutenant Woodhull.

11 a. m.—Inspection by Captain Manwaring and Assistant Young. White pills distributed, without any signs of Hooverizing. Strict guard to be observed.

11.30 a. m.—Monkey and hurdy-gurdy performed. Because of germs, no pennies could be thrown to the monkey or dancer.

1 p. m.—Linner served at door-sills. Each corridor resembled an Old Ladies' Home, an inmate seated on each threshold and illustrating that she was an active member of the Consumer's League.

2 p. m.—Jack-stones played with eyeballs (for lack of any other balls). Band concert rendered with ear-drums. Secret service code devised—"jiggers" any part of the Health Department. "Jig"—Mrs. Young.

2 p. m.—Rowes (Mr. and Mrs.) arrived. Reports from town headquarters

(Continued on page 4)

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The College Book-store.

G. Arnold Shaw Publisher to the University Lecturers Asso.

Grand Central Terminal New York

Mr. Currie's Recital.

Patriotism was the ruling sentiment of the evening during the recital given by Mr. Currie, Jan. 11th, in the college gymnasium. This was especially emphasized in that modern favorite, "Young Fellow, My Lad", by Service.

Riley proved as popular as ever when Dr. Currie rendered "An Old Sweetheart" and "Nothin' to Say" while the scenes from Shakespeare's "Hamlet" and "Merchant of Venice" were manifestly inspiring.

Following is the entire program rendered by Mr. Currie.

Robert of Sicily Longfellow
Closlt Scene from Hamlet Shakespeare
An Old Sweetheart Riley
Nothin' to Say Riley
Two Scenes from Rip Van Winkle

Irving
Rialto Scene from Merchant of Venice Shakespeare
Messenger's Speech from Electra

Euripides
Song of the Camp Taylor
Young Fellow, My Lad Service

Our Contemporaries and the War.

Conserving food—why that's the way
Our war will end—oh happy day!

To keep up patriotic spirit:
Prepare its men to fight, not fear it,
Has Middlebury for its forces
Established military courses.

No wasting, but consuming less—
For Vassar need no flour buy

Last summer it raised stacks of rye.

So now, see, Vassar's days are wheatless
Each time that we stay up at night
Results in burning of our light.

Valuable fuel is being used,

Our nation's wealth is thus abused.
So Wellesley's started a campaign
From staying up late to abstain.

And thinking, as it tells the press
About how nights CAN be lightless.

To knit a sock and then its mate—

In this war work we're simply great.

Only, in every other class

Where U. S. Thrift Stamps will not
pass

Smith asks its girls—although it's
painless—

Not to be altogether brainless.

—Fanchon K. Hartman '20

**Excellent Quarantine Rules Which
No One Will Follow.**

I. Don't let yourself say "Isn't it terrible?" etc. ad infinitum.

II. Plan out a daily schedule with 50 minute periods and 10 minutes between for breathing and exercise before the open window. The program to consist of a fascinating array of occupations such as, mending clothes, darning stockings, answering letters, studying, reading, learning poetry, exercising, sleeping, and eating, knitting and thinking.

III. Make yourself keep the schedule. You will find yourself breathless with excitement over your dates with yourself and always looking forward to something, which as Pamette Taylor says is the essence of "Happiness".

IV. Don't stop to ask yourself whether you FEEL like studying or writing a letter or what. Don't take the chance—just do it.

V. Don't eat all the time.

VI. Don't forget to exercise.

VII. Don't overlook frequent rests, even though you don't feel like it.

VIII. During sociable hours play games such as "Tea Kettle", "You have a Face", and such stimulating things.

IX. Keep quiet hours, and when some one gets nicely quieted down supposedly having found some passable occupation don't yell out "What are you doing?" It breaks the charm.

To James.

Oh! look at him, girls,
Ain't he simply grand?
See the way he carries the
tray and swings his
other hand.

Edna's marching up in front,
And now she's calling "Hep"
And every one but our dear James is
marching out of step!

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**The Diary of Our Own Miss
Samuella Pepys.**

The little Nurse and Doc have come to
our house to stay,
To wash our throats and noses and
chase the bugs away,
And shoo the callers off the porch and
chase us to our rooms,
And disinfect the telephone with wild
and ghastly fumes.
And all us "dippy" children when the
supper things is come,
We sit each on our door sill and has
the mostest fun,
A-listenin' to the dippy tales that we
each tells about,
For the Health Department 'll get ye,
Ef

You
Don't
Watch
Out.

Tuesday: My soul and body tireth of this close confinement. I am weary of this inactive life. Methinks I will never again cast envious eyes upon a leisurely existence. It behooveth me to be at my books for days of trial approach.

Wednesday: Lay late as usual. And a fair repast at that—James maketh any dish inviting. The monotony broken after-the-noon by the order of His Highness, the Board of Health granting us the precious privilege of mingling within our domicile. The living-room thrown open for dinner—a splendid party—a hot stew of fowl and a white pudding of ice. At my stint in the evening. To bed early, with a light heart at the thought of being in the open on the morrow.

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The Dippy Diary.

(Concluded from page 2)

state that the DIPPHEST is quite comfortable.

3.30 p. m.—Mystery cleared through efforts of the Detective Agency. President Marshall the anonymous donator of Saturday's ice-cream.

4 p. m.—Enemy attack. New Yorker, not receiving cablegram sent early Saturday, arrived and tried to pass the "dip" sign. More Romeo and Juliet stuff.

6 p. m.—"Jiggers". Inspection by the Highest Jig—the Health Officer.

9 p. m.—Peace.

Monday, (third day in) 8.30 a. m.—Reveille, half hour late because of blockage in food transportation.

9-11 a. m.—Aviation practice—dust and germ flying.

2-5 p. m.—Quiet. Academic pursued by a very few but many succumb to the charms of Morpheus.

9 p. m.—Visit by Jig and Jiggers. First there were thirty-five girls in Winthrop, then three flew away and now there are thirty-two.

Tuesday (fourth day in) 8 a. m.—Reveille. Absolutely no excitement.

11 a. m.—Jigger signal sounded. New "Jig" added to the list. Chorus: I DON'T WANT TO GET WELL. Cultures taken. The art of becoming cultured in two minutes. News from the front: trip to last until Saturday.

1-5 p. m.—Monotony. Finally broken by playing "Mr. and Mrs." Example: "Mr. and Mrs. Theria and their daughter Dip Theria". "Mr. and Mrs. Tagious and their daughter Con Tagious". "Mr. and Mrs. Tony and their daughter Mono Tony".

6.15 p. m.—Pie a' la mode for dinner. Lolly-pops and chewing gum received from Tug Plant. Rousing cheers for Plant.

Wednesday (fifth day in) 8 a. m.—Reveille.

10-12 a. m.—Theory of preparedness put into practice. Quiet hours.

2-4 p. m.—Preparations nearly complete. More quiet hours.

4.30 p. m.—Big Jigger signal. More inspection of throats. Relief from strict guard.

6 p. m.—Dinner served in living-room.

7.30-9.30 p. m.—Visiting hours.

Thursday (sixth day in) 8 a. m.—Reveille.

9-10 a. m.—Infantry drill on Com-

pany Street W.

11-12 m.—Telephone guard.

12 m.—Culture returns.

12.15 p. m.—Parade to Thames.

Tune: "The Infantry are Marching Down the Street".

They inoculate, they inoculate, they

pump bugs into you,

And then they take a culture, just to excavate a few—

They send it to New Haven to see what it will be—

If positive you're quarantined, if negative you're free!

The Board of Health, the Board of Health is marching up the hall

The Board of Health, the Board of Health have quarantined us all

You'd think we were the limit to hear the tales they tell

But the Board of Health, the Board of Health, we wish them very well!

—E. Lindholm and E. Williams.

Good-night Poor Winthrop.

Good-night poor Winthrop

Winthrop good-night

They've got your culture

You're in for a fight,

Oh! Oh! Oh!

Good-night, poor Winthrop

You're locked up tight

When the Board of Health gets after you—

Winthrop! Good-night!

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